

A MYSTERY OF PARIS

Remarkable Disappearance of an American Woman From a French Hotel.

Editor's Note.—The following remarkable story is true. The writer is personally acquainted with the persons who participated in the scenes which are described. That such a series of events happened in the nineteenth century merely goes to show that the spirit of romance stalks abroad just as boldly now as it did in the time of Richelieu.

Paris was like a scrap basket filled to overflowing. From every part of the world people and their baggage were being deposited in the attractive catch-all of the city, and except for a continuous shifting of her contents, in this state Paris was to remain for months until the end of the exposition came to straighten her disorder and empty her out.

Among the many who arrived in Paris at an early period of the exposition was a party of three Americans—a mother and her two daughters. It was evident that they had been accustomed to travel much and independently, which might be accounted for by the fact that they had scarcely a relation to bind them to one place and not a relative to offer them a protecting hand. They came after dark and registered at a hotel.

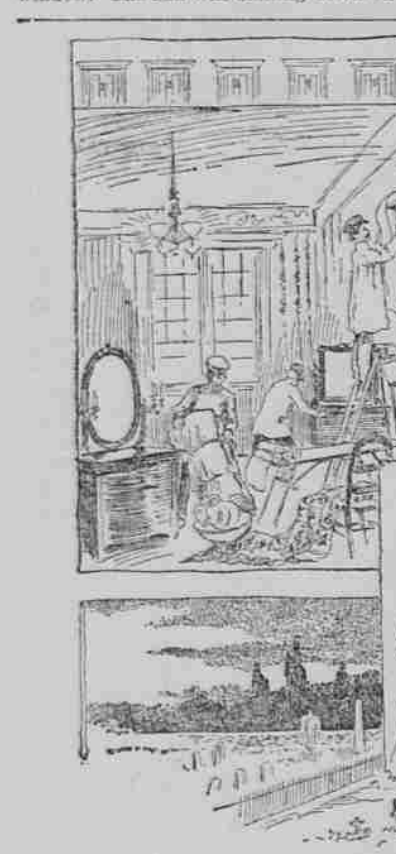
"There were only two rooms left, but they were on the same corridor. Madame might like the front room, and the two meadows would perhaps be suited with the other, a few doors away." Thus said the clerk, and after some inspection the travelers agreed with him.

"It is a very good room," the matron remarked, leaning back in her chair and watching her daughters, who were busy with the contents of her satchel. "I think, though, that I might enjoy it more if I did not feel so wretched." The young ladies reassured her with the reminder that she was tired; she had not yet become accustomed to the climate; as for calling in a physician, she had done that her first night in every new city; suppose she try the cure of a long sleep this time. In fact, they fully persuaded her of her foolishness before they left her for the night. In spite of their convincing arguments, a speculation as to their mother's health was the first word uttered by the two girls next morning, and they made haste to go to her room.

THE MYSTERIOUS ROOM.
A light knock brought no response. With a satisfied nod to her sister, the younger girl opened the door softly and looked in. The room was empty, but she followed, but stopped with a cry. "We are in the wrong place," she said.

"Impossible," her sister replied. "This is the only front room there can be on this side of the corridor." But the room was certainly not their mother's. Last night the hangings and papering had been green, this morning they were red; last night the furniture had been oak, now it was some dark stained wood; last night the floor had been carpeted, this morning it was bare except for a few rugs; stranger still, at last night they had left their mother here, but now she was gone and the room was empty.

The two girls surveyed it in silence. One of them went into the hall again and counted doors. "The fifth one from us," she asserted, "just as we counted last night." They looked out of the window. The sun was shining down on



Incidents in the Strange Mystery of the Paris Exposition.

the same great tree through which they had seen the street lights the night before.

A trim little maid was sweeping the corridor, and of her they inquired anxiously. "Can you tell us where the lady is who occupied that room last night?"

"I, madamelle," the maid replied, crossing herself, "no one was in that room!"

"I left my mother there last night," was the rejoinder.

"Madamelle must be mistaken," the maid insisted. "No person has slept there for years. It is the order of the proprietress."

The two girls sent her to summon the proprietress to the spot, waited for him impatiently, and interrupted his polite greeting with the question if this was not the room he had given to their mother the night before.

The proprietor surveyed them curiously. "Your mother?" he repeated. "When did madame come?"

"She arrived alone," he continued. "Did you mean she is to come today, and you want the room for tonight?"

An impatient explanation came from the elder sister. "We three my mother, my sister and I came last night—"

The man interrupted her with a gesture. "Pardon, madamelle," he corrected, "you and your sister were the only ones who came."

The girl smiled an annoyed smile and suggested that the hotel lists would corroborate her words. But her face paled when the clerk repeated what the proprietor had said, and she ran her finger unsteadily down the line. Her name, her sister's, yes—her mother's was not there!

With a growing sense of dread, the two girls demanded the inspector of police. As they waited for him in the reception room, they caught the angry tones of an old man's voice. The elder sister stopped pacing the floor to listen.

"Such a commotion!" he exclaimed. "I'll publish it to every foreigner in the city, and then where is the reputation of your house?"

The soothing murmur of another voice followed.

"Second story front," was the old man's reply, "but I'll not stay there tonight if I have to be waked up by all sorts of noises from the room above."

me! They might have been tearing the house down!"

Still grumbling, he passed the girl to go upstairs, loaded with a satchel, and she ran lightly up after him and watched him enter his room. Then she came down again. "He went into the room under mother's," she said grasping her sister's arm in delight. "You're mistaken! Merciful heavens, what does it mean?"

Even the inspector of police, the omniscient of Paris, could not tell them that. He took their evidence gravely, promised them all possible help, and advised them to wait patiently in the same hotel for further developments. With little calmness of mind they awaited his advice.

It was a long, anxious wait for the girls. Weeks passed without bringing any trace of their mother. The exposition was over and Paris was almost emptied of her crowds before the inspector came to them with any definite news.

"Then one day the look on his face told them that at last they were to hear, and they listened breathlessly for his explanation."

THE PROBLEM SOLVED.
He began at the beginning. He told them that after they had left their mother that night she felt weary and, to avoid disturbing her daughters, summoned a physician by messenger. By the time he arrived she was unconscious, and the doctor announced that she had a case of black cholera.

Without any delay she was put into an ambulance and carried to a hospital, and there the inspector told it as gently as he could—she died a few days after.

But all was not yet explained. The room, the maid's story, the lists?

If a whisper about this dread disease should spread among the great crowds in the city a panic would follow, financial ruin might ensue, the evil effects would be enormous. The matter must be kept out of the popular mouth. And so in one night everything in their mother's room had been changed, her name had been erased from the hotel lists, and for the good of the city her two daughters had been sacrificed.

There was silence for a few moments when he had finished. At last the girls moved uneasily on his chair. One of the girls looked up at him with numb eyes. "Can we?" she asked, and then hesitated.

"Mademoiselle," the inspector replied, with a pitying note in his voice, "it is not marked you know."

NANCY V. MCLELLAND.

ALLIGATOR CANNIBALS.

African Savages Who Disguise Themselves in Hides of Reptiles.

Pearson's Weekly (London): To the numerous dangers that attend the navigation of the rivers of Western Africa, in the form of huge serpents, hippopotami, poisonous insects, and equally deadly fevers, hostile natives, and bloodthirsty savages, there has now been added a new terror in the form of what are known as human alligators.

They may be said to constitute the most dangerous of the human alligators, whose well-known incredible devices of savagery were described at such length in the press a year or two ago, and whose numbers the colonial authorities of Great Britain, France and Germany, on the



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west coast of Africa, have endeavored by every means in their power to exterminate them.

Just in the same manner that the human alligators array themselves in leopard skins, these savages disguise their faces and branches of trees, ready to pounce down upon and rend to pieces with their iron claws the unsuspecting natives who pass about the forest glades, so do the human alligators when swimming conceal their heads beneath that of an alligator.

Often when a canoe filled with blacks or a boat manned by white men sails up or down these rivers, which constitute almost the only means of transit in the least civilized portions of the Dark Continent, they will pass what are apparently a school of ordinary alligators, lazily sleeping with their eyes closed, and only that by feasting on human flesh they are so much more generally dreaded.

As much as alligators will rarely sink a boat of any decent size unless in self-defense, or else when driven thereto by starvation, little or no attention is paid to them. But let the boat anchor in the river or get tied up to the bank in order to permit its occupants to recuperate from their fatigue and from the effects of the heat by means of sleep, and it will be observed that these alligators quietly flock toward the spot.

And as soon as they have reached the side of the river bank, every alligator heads the human leviathan, and show that appended thereto is not the scale-covered body of the vicious animal, but the black and hairy legs of a man.

Without uttering a sound they fall upon their sleeping prey, cutting their throats with "curved" or short-curved knives, and drinking the blood as it spurts from the wound.

Once the work of slaughter accomplished, the flesh of the victim is devoured, but more generally uncooked. For the human alligators, like the human leopards, are cannibals, and are convinced that they are stronger and more powerful only add to their own strength and prolong their lives, but also that they are saved the duty of eating the work of which they are addicted.

It is the religious element in the matter that saves these human alligators, and likewise the human leviathan, from punishment. For the authorities can get no assistance in the matter from the natives, who not only fear the vengeance of the cannibals, but also are convinced that they would be bewitched if they did anything to harm them.

The Little Critic.
Harper's Bazar: "Why, papa," said Frances, who was looking at the family album, "surely this isn't a picture of you?"

"Well," replied papa, "that is a picture of me, taken when I was quite young."

"Well," commented the young girl, "it doesn't look as much like you as you look now."

"Well," replied papa, "that is a picture of me, taken when I was quite young."

"Well," commented the young girl, "it doesn't look as much like you as you look now."

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MILITARY MATTERS

Prospect of a Reorganization of Military Bands.

PIECES TO BE INCREASED

FROM TWENTY-TWO TO THIRTY OR THIRTY-SIX.

Pay Also to be Advanced—Trials of Bullet Proof Cloth Show That it is Unsatisfactory—Will the Reorganized Union Pacific Transport Troops For the Government Free—Pay Day at Fort Douglas.

Among the many important changes that are talked of in army circles, is the reorganization of the military bands. It is stated that among the recommendations which Secretary Alger will make in his annual report will be one in regard to it. The army bands are now organized as they were 40 years ago. They consist of 22 men, two detailed from each company, and are allowed \$15 per month, the ordinary pay of an enlisted man. With this low pay there is a strong temptation for the bands or individual musicians to seek employment in other than military duties.

The secretary will show that there has been a considerable advancement in musical taste and requirements since the laws providing for military bands was passed, and he will recommend more liberal compensation, for those who are engaged as musicians at the different posts, and for the different regiments. He will also recommend that the bands be increased to 30 or 36 pieces. It is probable that the increase of \$30 per month will be recommended for the leader, and not less than \$25 for any member of the military bands.

If these recommendations go through and are put into effect, the military bands will be improved to a wonderful extent. Under the present circumstances the bands are hampered by a lack of a sufficient number of pieces to back the best of the music. It is so small that many of the best musicians are not attracted into the military organizations. To be sure there are a great many very fine musicians in the army, but it is sometimes necessary to fill up with inferior men. With the increase in pay and an addition to the number of pieces in an organization, there ought to be no trouble in getting plenty of good musicians to fill up the band.

The trials of bullet-proof cloth for use in the army is still going on, but unsatisfactorily. The cloth so far used is very thick, and rather heavy. Most of it has also been used with a steel plate, and even then it does not always prevent a bullet from passing through. But even should a cloth finally be found that is bullet-proof, it is doubtful if it will prevent death when the bullet strikes. The impact with such a bullet is terrible, and probably if a man was encased in steel or any other substance to prevent the bullet from penetrating, he would be killed by the force of the blow.

The other day a trial was made at the Springfield arsenal, of Ziegler's bullet-proof cloth. The tests were not satisfactory, as he caught in the meat of the bullet went through the steel plate, and also through the cloth behind it. Once, when the cloth was backed with a board, the bullet went through the plate and caught in the meat of the cloth. The force of the impact was such as to break the board, and when the splinters were torn off, a hole was left which was large enough to permit the bullet to pass through.

The cloth, as near as can be learned from the meagre descriptions of it, is composed of Krupp steel and oakum. The outer layer is a steel plate, and is backed by the oakum, which is woven from oakum, or some such material. The cloth is about half an inch in thickness, and a piece 7x11 inches weighed five pounds. A soldier encased in a suit of such material would be helpless than a turtle placed upon its back. A better substitute for the cloth would be to stay out of danger's way, for

He who fights and runs away, May live to fight another day."

Speaking of bullets reminds one of the story about a bullet which was published recently in the Army and Navy Journal. It read:

"The strange adventures of a bullet which embedded itself in the left temple of a French artilleryman during the Franco-German war, and was recovered, was found impossible to extract the lead, and it soon ceased to be painful. It lay quietly where the German rifle had placed it for 27 years, but three months ago it started out on tour."

It traveled about the man's head, causing him intense pain, and almost driving him mad. After a rest the ball started on another journey, and a few days ago the artilleryman was said to have removed it from his throat.

Experiments are constantly being made in the wearing apparel of the soldiers, in order to give them the most comfortable, as well as slightly and durable goods that can be found. The quartermaster's department will soon distribute about 100,000 new sample suits, similar to the last, for samples, except for a change in shape.

A new type of mattress will also be sent out for trial, and reports are made to the department on the result of these trials. The new mattress is filled with moss fibre, which is claimed to be far superior to the cotton. The cotton fiber is the kind now in use, and if others are more satisfactory they will undoubtedly replace the present kind.

It seems that the new cap is in to stay, for a time at least, as advertisements will soon be made for the supply of 20,000 fatigue caps of the present style.

With the foreclosure of the mortgage by the government on the Union Pacific, arises the question as to whether the road is required to transport troops in accordance with the bond-aided features of the law. General Miles has referred to the question, and should he decide that the obligations of the road in this connection have ceased, the further movements of troops will be greatly retarded.

The cost of transportation of troops over roads other than the land grant ones is too expensive for the army appropriation to stand.

In these days the artillery branch of the service seems to be the only one that is profiting much by the legislation of congress. A few years ago the cavalry and infantry regiments were reduced by the mustering out, or rather the "skeletization," of two companies from each. This left two captains in each regiment without a company other than being in command of a "company."

The plan which General Miles now has been working on is to further skeletize the cavalry, by which plan the cavalry will consist of two full squadrons of four troops, each with a skeletonized squadron of two troops to be stationed at regimental headquarters as a school of instruction.

The officers and non-commissioned officers of the skeletonized troops will not be disturbed, but the enlisted men will be transferred to other troops to the extent of filling them up to a limit of 70 men each, and such enlisted men from these troops as may still be un-

provided for will be transferred to the artillery and infantry. In all probability these plans will be adopted and it is expected that they will shortly go into effect.

Up at Fort Douglas the days pass by in a monotonous way. The only thing that has occurred to worry the soldiers was pay day. That is a joyous day for them, but with it come those parasites that cling to the soldiers for their sustenance and life. It seems that when the soldiers are paid, every sharper and other form of money-grabbing human flock to the post and lay snares for the unsuspecting blue-coats. From morning to night, until their money is gone, do these men hang about the soldiers, selling their wares or dunning them for petty bills. Saturday was pay-day, the soldiers were flush and the usual number of dealers and duns were in the post trying to get their hands on at least part of the money.

Tomorrow evening, Chaplain Allenworth will deliver a lecture in the post chapel. His subject will be "Humbly." After the lecture each member of the church will be presented with a small gift, valued at \$1 each.

The annual Officers' club meeting was held last week. The business of the club was chiefly to elect officers for the ensuing year. Captain Breton was re-elected president and Captain Dodge was elected vice-president. Lieutenant Leitch was chosen secretary and Captain Duncanson and Lieutenant Jenks were selected for directors.

The usual Sunday concert will be given in the band stand on the original program, providing the weather permits. In cold and bad weather they will be given in the post hall.

Private Morton of F company has been granted a furlough and has taken advantage of it.

The G. A. R.
McKean post, G. A. R., held a pleasant meeting last Monday evening, which was well attended. The next meeting will be very important, and every comrade should be present. A committee was appointed to formulate a program for another social and dance, of which an announcement will be made next week.

McKean corps met on Wednesday afternoon, at which there was a good attendance. The session being quite an important one. A committee was appointed to confer with one from the post regarding the holding of another social and dance the latter part of the month.

SHE WANTS REVENGE.
Her Little Boy Disgraced Her Before the New Rectory.

Detroit Free Press: That senseless word "nit" is proving a source of great chagrin and annoyance to many parents, who would like to wreak vengeance on the little rascal who utters this peculiar and insane bit of slang. A Detroit mother owns up to this desire for revenge. She has a boy of 4 years with the face of a seraph, and it has been the aim of her life to keep him in ignorance of all coarse and slangy forms of speech, and she felt that she was succeeding until one day recently when he was called down from the top of a tree for the first time by the new rector and his wife, who were making a first call.

"Oh, what a dear little fellow!" exclaimed the rector's wife. "Come and see me when you are next in town. 'Nit' came from the rosy lips."

"Nit," exclaimed the horrified mother. "But you'll come to me, won't you, my little boy?" said the rector with both hands held out cajolingly.

"Nit!"

"Paul! Come right to me!"

"Nit, mamma!"

"Paul! I never!"—but words failed the chagrined mother, and she ran for Master Paul's nurse and said: "Take Paul right upstairs, Martha. Go with Martha, Paul."

And he dashed upstairs by himself, stopping at the upper landing long enough to scream out joyously: "Nit, nit, nit!"

The mother is now engaged in an effort to have the rector introduced into the next legislature making the promulgation of slang a penitentiary offense.

NOTICE TO SPORTSMEN.
Annual Thanksgiving Rabbit Hunt To Cedar Fort and Rush Valley, via Oregon Short Line, Thanksgiving day, Nov. 25. Round trip only \$1.25. Special arrangements for train service and accommodations. For hunting licenses, call at city ticket office, 100 West Second South street.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chisholms, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Z. C. M. L. drug store.

The Hawes Engraving Co., 72 West Temple Street.
We are now located at the above number, and have a complete plant for making half tone engravings, zinc cuts and all kinds of color blocks. Write us for samples and prices before placing your orders.

Cold Wave Coming.
Select your furs from our immense stock; up-to-date novelties and garments. Mehney, the furrier, Knutsford.

CUTTING Down Prices
ON GRAY ENAMEL WARE.

Basins, 20 25
Buckets, Larch, 3 quarts 25
Basting spoons 10
Cake Turners 10
Cullenders 25
Coffee pot, 1 1/2 quarts 25
Coffee pot, 2 quarts 25
Coffee pot, 3 quarts 25
Cup, Drinking, No. 1 10
Dipper, Kitchen 25
Dipper, Drinking 15
Dish pan, 10 quarts 50
Dish pan, 14 quarts 65
Dish pan, 18 quarts 75
Dairy pan, 4 quarts 25
Jelly Cake pan, 9-inch 10
Jelly Cake pan, 10-inch 10
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